

Captain Hotknives Greatest Hits – The Sleeve Notes

Lyrics & Commentary by Captain Hotknives

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Intro

Chris's songs over the last 20 years or more have been a reminder to find the comic absurdity in many aspects of our society and the campaigns to change it for the better. Reminding us that in being able to laugh at ourselves, we can then feel freer to experiment and enjoy a culture with more complex forms of expression being understood.

He's gone from risking his own skin walking into dodgy far-right pubs to sing songs making fun of racism, to writing songs making light of the head spinning speed in the 90s in which someone could go from leafleting against fox hunting to being asked to help liberate beagles from a laboratory. He's poked fun at the history of land ownership and past along tales of drug smugglers robbing their van back from the RUC.

This is a work in progress sleeve notes zine to go along with the greatest hits album which you can find at ishkahzines.bandcamp.com, and possibly soon to go up on captainhotknives.bandcamp.com

Ideally when it's fully finished it will contain illustrations, a finished bonus song fan tribute and more commentary from the Captain which I hope to glean from him at some point on a podcast or in conversation.

If you'd like to help illustrate or write the bonus fan tribute hit me up at theosladehome@gmail.com

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Song Lyrics & Descriptions

Vol.1 Comedy Songs

1. Mushrooms

This is not even based on a true story this

This just is a true story

In the fields of Scotland

After the rain has been raining

My feet are getting wet

My trainers are soaking

But I'm not bothered

You'll see me out in the fields

Looking on the ground

With me little paper bag

See what I've found...

Mushrooms

Little nipple shaped mushrooms

Lovely liberty capped mushrooms

Beautiful Scottish mushrooms

What a great free thing to find

What an unusual thing to do to me mind

Take them back to me house

Spread the newspaper out

Put them out to dry

Make me-self a pot of tea

And I don't even need any milk or sugar

For this particular brew

All I need is boiling water and mushrooms

Mushrooms, feel me-legs are going along

Feel me hands are going strange

Everything is rearranged

Everything is rearranged

Now I'm back out in the fields

Laughing at the trees

Turn the volume down on the grass, oh that's better

Tripping my tits off, I'm like oy, I can't tell if I need a piss, or if I've already pissed myself, can't tell if I have pissed myself

Put my hand on the front of my pants, I still can't tell, I don't know if my pants are wet or it's just a cold day, I just can't tell anymore.

Tripping too hard to know whether I've pissed myself.

And in the distance I see a Scottish farmer, I start shouting "Oy here mate, I'm not being funny, but would you just touch the front of my pants please? So I know whether or not I've pissed myself, so I can get on with the rest of my trip. Knowing whether or not I have got wet pants."

And Scottish farmer, he didn't help me out man, he weren't helpful at all. He weren't even friendly, not even a little bit friendly, I said just touch myself so I know whether or not I've had a piss and he told me to get off his land.

I were like for fucks sake, this isn't an issue of land ownership, it's just an issue of wet or dry pants. Just do a brother a favour man, I'm tripping my pants off, all I need to know is whether or not I've pissed myself. I don't need to know who owns the fucking land.

And when I thought about it a bit more, I thought how can you own land? You can't pick it up and take it anywhere. How can you say you own it? Can you pick it up and put it in your rucksack? Can you fuck, I said don't be mental, you mental Scottish farmer. How can you own land? When you're away squirrels piss on your land, I'm telling you.

Well, he didn't like me at all, he seemed to think I was some sort of upstart. And the next thing I knew he was shouting at me a bit more, and he said, "get off my land."

And I said, "aww I've heard this before, I've heard this till I'm blue in the face about your land. I said how come it's your land?"

And he explained to me how you acquire land. I didn't know this, but he said, "my grandfather fought for this land."

And I said, "alright, that's how it works then is it." So, I said, "bring your grandad out here then. I'll fight him for his land and when I win, then I'll ask him to touch my pants. To see whether or not I've pissed myself."

And I wish I'd never said that, his grandad was massive.

Hard as fuck, good at fighting.

Strong, Scottish, big fella.

Punching me in head.

Fucking hell, it really hurt man.

But the more it hurt, the more I laughed.

Because when someone's punching you, it's just so funny.

The look on their face, their face goes red, they look such a fucking dickhead.

When they're punching you, so I just laughed.

But the more I laughed, the more he punched me.

And the more he punched me, the more I laughed.

And the more I laughed, the more upset he got.

He had a vein throbbing in his forehead, like a massive coke fiend.

He was shouting, punching me, sweating. And the next thing I knew, he died of a heart attack.

Scottish farmers grandad, he died of a heart attack.

And now I own his land

And now I own his land

If I could remember where it was

Because I was tripping off my tits when I owned that land

Now I can't remember where the land was or where it all happened

But do you know what did happen?

I did piss myself

2. Prejudiced Wildlife

So this is a song imagining if animals were racists, in a way to demonstrate how stupid racism itself is as a concept.

It's a bit silly isn't it really?

As I said to two guys from the BNP, I said; "Aww, aww, not in the face."

In the jungle, the racist jungle.

The animals are all fucking racists, some of the worst ones are the lions and they've got a big problem with the cheetahs.

They said, "bloody cheetahs, coming over here, who do they think they are, with their spotty fur, running faster than we can, taking all our antelopes and nicking our gazelles, the bastards."

I wouldn't let our Denise, marry a cheetah.

I wouldn't let our Denise, marry a cheetah.

What would the kids be like? Oh no.

That would be no good would it? Oh no, they'd be half lion, half cheetah, they'd be like chions or leetahs, oh no.

And in the islands, the Gallapogas Islands.

That's where you get racist giant tortoises.

They wonder around, close to the ground, and they've got a big problem with the chaffinches.

They say, "fucking chaffinches piss me off mate, they're all on housing benefit, there's 15 of them to a nest, oh no, they make me fucking sick, oh with their yellow feathers and their pointy beaks adapted for eating seeds, oh I'm telling you, they're always shitting on our lettuce, oh the yellow feathery bastards, I was eating some lettuce last Thursday and I thought it had garlic mayonnaise on it! But no, it was chaffinch shite!

And so, I wouldn't let our Denise, marry a chaffinch

I wouldn't let our Denise, marry a chaffinch

I wouldn't let our Denise, marry a chaffinch

What would the kids be like? Half tortoise, half chaffinch, oh they'd be fucking mutants. They wouldn't know whether to fly or eat lettuce, oh no, they'd be like tortoinches or chaffoises for fucks sake.

So the tortoises organized backward looking political parties, the tortoise national party, otherwise known as the TNP.

And they had a very, very, very slow march that nobody took any fucking notice of, the dickheads. I'm telling you, they were dick heads.

And in the arctic, the frozen arctic.

That's where you get white supremacist polar bears.

And because they're white, they think they're alright.

And they're always picking on the penguins.

Only the other day, a group of white supremacist polar bears, left a great big cross burning outside pingo the penguins' igloo.

And his igloo melted into the sea, and you could see pingo inside having a wank to penguin porn and he had a massive black and white cock, and he come out and he said...

What the fuck you picking on me for, you white furry wankers, is it 'cause I is black and white? Hey?

And I tell you what, the penguins were getting sick of it

The penguins were getting sick of it

The penguins were getting sick of being picked on by the white supremacist polar bears

Just for the colours of their flippers which they honestly couldn't help, they were just born that way.

And so, they got on their mobile phones and they tried to ring their brothers and cousins, but they ran out of credit because the dickheads were on pay as you go.

They couldn't get a contract because none of them could put their address down properly because none of them could read and write, they were penguins.

And so, they had to text the killer whales and get them to ring them back.

And the killer whales rang them back and said what's the problem?

They said it's these white supremacist polar bears mate, picking on us for naught.

And they said, we'd like to help you out, but we live in the fucking sea!

What the fuck are we supposed to do about it? Grow legs and kick 'em up the ass?

That's evolution you dickheads, that takes millinea.

Captain hotknives has been trying to evolve a third arm, so he can get that cider, since the beginning of his set, he still hasn't even got a bump on his shoulder blade.

And the penguins said, no we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan...

And the polar bears said, look just tell us what the fucking plan is. It's fucking freezing here, it's like the fucking arctic.

And so the penguins told the killer whales the plan, very quietly.

They said, half eleven on Thursday morning after you get back from signing on to new deal for killer whales.

You just wait in the sea, next to the ice. With some knives and forks and some Branston pickle.

And we are going to trick the dickhead white supremacist polar bears, into falling in the sea by winding them up.

And then you can eat them for your tea, what do you reckon to that, and the killer whales said good fucking plan.

It will indeed make a change from eating recipes that we've watched Jamey Oliver make on telly.

And there's plenty of meat on a polar bear, that sounds like a good plan.

So, at 29 minutes past 11 on Thursday morning, that's when the penguins put the plan into action.

And in the distance, they could see, a group of white supremacist polar bears who were practicing their Hitler salutes and looking at pictures of Nick Griffin.

And to wind them up, they started shouting at them and this is what they said...

Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough

Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough

Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough

We've been shagging your Denise

She was in a penguin porno film

She's covered in penguin spunk

And now she's had white and black, she won't be coming back

And the polar bears were angry, they were so angry, that the only way I can demonstrate how angry they were, is by the use of a facial expression so terrifying that I only dare use it the once.

"Fucking penguins, fuckin hell!"

And the polar bears ran towards the penguins, fully intending to rip their flippers off and beat them with the soggy ends.

But just as they got close enough to them, the penguins did the masterful bit of their masterful plan.

And they just moved to one side, like that.

And the polar bears were going to fast on the slippery, slippery ice of the arctic.

And they fell straight into the sea.

Where they were surrounded by vicious killer whales with knives and forks, and massive fucking teeth.

And they didn't have time...

To swim away, to swim away, to swim away, to swim away, to swim away, to swim away, to swim away, to swim away, to swim away, to swim away, awoooooooooooo awoo awooooo.

3. Scuse me mate

Scuse me mate, scuse me mate, scuse me mate, scuse me mate,
scuse me mate.

You look like a kind fella, even if you lie about trivial stuff, I don't
care.

Come on mate, scuse me mate, you can sort us out, you've got a kind
face, I can tell by your face.

So what it is right, I just need a pound or two to buy some parts.

Some parts for my time machine, the one that I'm building at home.

I am a erm, government scientist, but my funding has been cut.

I'm working on time machine technology, my time machine is
coming on really well.

But I just need a Pentium processor, and a 16 gig memory stick and
a wah-wah peddle, to make me fucking time machine complete.

I need to travel back in time, to get off the street.

I'm going to travel back in time, I am.

And when I do, I'll get some money and I'll come back and that.

I'm gonna travel back in time, I am.

Come on mate, don't be funny.

Give us a pound, you look like a kind fella.

You do I can tell by your face.

Come on mate, don't be tight.

I'm going to go back in time, back to a time before Misses Thatcher.

Back to a time before I was addicted to heroin.

I'll fly back to a time before Misses Thatcher was just an MP

I'll wait outside her house with a bit of coal in one hand a bit of steel in the other.

And when the evil bitch comes home, I'll get out my time machine.

I'll be the only one in the place with decent trainers on, it'll be in the old days.

Misses Thatcher won't be expecting time travelling bastards coming back in time addicted to heroin, she wouldn't think of that, she wouldn't even know I was coming.

And with my piece of coal in one hand and my piece of steel in the other, I can exact a premature revenge, I could smash her fucking head off her neck.

Before she could go onto protect all the fucking paedophiles and take all the mines away.

Before she could go onto create a diversionary war in the Fawkland islands to take our minds off the fact she was taking all our fucking milk, milk snatching bastard.

It's worth giving me a pound, it's more than worth giving me a pound.

I know what you're thinking, you're thinking you saw me in the bus station last week saying something very similar.

No, I swear down, I'm a scientist. I proper am a scientist. I know what you're saying, I've got that look, you know when they bob about.

Now I know what you're thinking, it's to put in me arm.

To feed that little baby what lives in me arm, that only eats that brown powdery milk, but no.

It isn't that, it's for my time machine you dickhead.

Come on, don't be tight.

Thanks for not hitting me, thanks for not kicking me, thanks for not punching me, thanks for not spitting on me.

What it is right, I've just got out of a bail hostel for stabbing a nonce, I never stabbed him, he was on a skateboard, I was just drying up, you know from the washing up. Anyway his braces must have got caught on the door handle, cause he seemed to have gone back and forth a lot of times when I was holding the knife out. So you know, now I'm getting the blame, what the fuck? I'm a scientist you dickhead.

Come on mate, don't be tight.

Give us a pound, give us a pound, give us a pound, actually £1.37 would be good.

Because I need to get back to Doncaster, because my wife is having a baby, she's having a baby, she's having a baby in Doncaster, I just need £2.52, £2.52 is all I need for my bus fair.

You look like a kind fella, I see that you've injured your hand.

Do you know what? You know what they say, if you give to somebody, it comes back.

And if you give to me, you won't get nought back.

But when I go back in time in my time machine, I'll go back and get you an elaster plaster for your hand.

Come on mate, don't be tight, you know it makes sense.

You think I'm a smackhead don't you, well you're fucking wrong there.

I could give up any day, I'm not addicted, I should know by now, I do it every day.

When you give us a pound, I'll create a time machine and go visit me Nana and borrow 20 quid off her while she was still alive.

Then I'm going to come back with 20 quid and if you give us your address....

Tell me, tell me when you're going out, so there's no point in me coming round when you're out, that'd be stupid, I might end up nicking your DVD player and stuff like that.

And I'll come round and bring you a pound.

I'll come round and bring you a pound.

I'll come round and bring you a pound, if you could sort us out.

I'll come round and bring you a pound.

I'll come round and bring you a pound.

I'll give you 2 pound tomorrow, if you give me a pound today, I will.

You tight bastards.

4. Glue

Introduction

So I don't want you to take this song as an encouragement to do glue, it's more an observation of having done it. You know because I'd hate to go outside and see you all at the end of this gig with a tin of evo and a fucking placky bag, huffing like common huffers on a street corner.

So just nobody sue me if you do get into glue, it's not because of this song. That's all I'm saying.

Song

All my life, I've been sniffing
Solvent fumes and now I'm tripping
Yooh-whoo, I'm in love with glue
It's my favourite thing to do

If you want to get out of your head
First find a bread bag without any bread and fill it up with glue
That's what you need to do
Cheaper and nasty, get them from a corner shop too.

Don't talk to me about MDMA

That stuffs for girls, it turns everybody gay

You all end up cuddling each other and thinking you're all each other's best mates

And you all end up in big baths surrounded by candles, listening to ambient dub-tronica, giving each other massages

Glue, that's what you want to do

Glue, is the drug for you

Don't talk to me about cocaine

Oh here we go again

People on cocaine, think they're so important and loud, and have to be vocal and shout above the crowd, tell you how many fights they've won, how many birds they've shagged, how much fucking money they've got, fuck off!

Glue, better off with glue

That's what you want to do

It's the more honest drug for you

Don't talk to me about amphetamines

When I took speed and I went for a piss, I pulled down my pants and I pulled down my zip, and I looked at my jeans [sigh]

Glue, better off with glue

Unlike speed, it doesn't shrivel your cock

Don't talk to me about ketamine

It's a horse tranquilizer for fucks sake

Posh kids of Bristol, having bladder problems in their early 20s, cause they spent too much time, doing horse tranquilizers, what for? To upset their mums? They had everything they ever wanted, silly bastards. Horses can't even score now, horses have to go to elephants, elephants are dealing to horses now and they're not to be trusted, they've got that trunk thing going on, they're like that; "hey mate, what you after? Elephant ket? Have that" [sigh]

Glue, better off with glue

You don't have to get it off elephants

Don't talk to me about salvia divinorum

It's a legal high, it looks a bit like weed, you smoke it in a pipe, these guys gave me a pipe of it and then I had a bit, and then after I had it, it all went like this [plays soothing psychedelic lullaby] for about 10 minutes.

Glue, better off with glue

You know what you're getting with glue

Don't talk to me about LSD

Me and me mates we all used to take LSD, we thought we were cool and that and we knew what was going on, we didn't really, we got confused, we tried to buy some plane tickets to Sidney Australia, on my mate Tony's master card, we stood in a que to buy the tickets, we stood in a que for ages tripping off our fucking faces, saying "how tripping are you? Yeah I'm really fucking tripping? Yeahhh." And we were in the que, trying to be quite, we got to the front to buy the tickets, get the tickets to Sidney Australia, but as a fucking mission it was a total fucking failure, got to the front of the que and the woman said; "what do you want son?" Tony said "3 tickets to Sidney Australia please," and the woman said I'm sorry son, this is the Royal Bank of Scotland.

Glue, better off with glue

Should have checked the sign outside the shop

My psychiatrist said that because I sniffed a lot of solvents, it would leave me essentially vacant [makes vacant face]

But he was wrong, he was wrong, I never get too vacant for too long

My psychiatrist said that because I sniffed petrol out of crisp packets in a graveyard with me mate when I was 14, I'd end up mindlessly aggressive to some stranger I'd never seen.

But he was wrong, I never get aggressive, I'm more chilled out than Gandhi, I never get aggressive to anybody.

What you fucking looking at, you fucking silly cunt, I'll kill your fucking nana, I'll stab your fucking mum, I'll fuck your fucking dog, I'll put your dog in microwave and when it's gone bing, I'll bring it out, I'll shove it up your ass, stab you, burn your house down, you inside it, fucking get all your family inside it, burn them as well, bring them all out, fuck em while they're still on fire, fuck you, bury you, dig you back up, stab you again, kill your fucking brother twice.

Glue, that's what you want to do.

Glue a-who-a-who-a-who-who

Glue a-who-a-who-a-who-who

Buddy Holly, sniffed a lot of glue-a-who-who

That is why he grabbed control of the plane; "I want to go this way-a-who-a-who-who [sound of an explosion]"

That's the end of that one.